

Superior

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Superior

by [ros3bud009](#)

Summary

"Soundwave, self-sufficient."

Based on the prompt:

A mech goes into heat (Bot or Con), and while everyone else is busy either showing off to attract them or fighting over them, Rumble and/or Frenzy sneak in (cause they're so small no one notices them) and get the mech for themselves.

Had it been any other mech making the request, Soundwave suspected that Megatron would have dismissed it out of hand.

But instead Megatron looked genuinely surprised.

"Time off?"

"Affirmative," Soundwave confirmed with a small nod of his helm. "Two days, sufficient."

Megatron's optics searched Soundwave's face, likely looking at the brightness of his visor for any indication of his Third's emotional state. It sparked an emotion that Soundwave dared not name or even acknowledge to have such an intense gaze on him, and it only burned all the hotter when Megatron glanced down his frame.

Soundwave regretted that he couldn't have waited until he had a moment alone with his Lord. He

knew without looking that Starscream was watching from the other side of the deck, along with the other handful of mechs scattered around the room. Soundwave also knew that, were they alone, Megatron likely would have given him leave without much question.

Megatron surely understood that he would not make such a request without good reason.

But his Lord's optics flicked across the room, no doubt to Starscream, and his expression hardened before returning to Soundwave.

"And what could be so important that you would make such an imposition? Surely I can trust that one of my most loyal lieutenants wouldn't seek out something as frivolous as a *vacation*."

"Negative," Soundwave confirmed. "Leave, unlikely to be pleasant."

Again, Megatron was caught off guard. And yet again his optics tracked down Soundwave's frame and up to his face, and it took real effort to keep his plating still and his vents closed.

And perhaps that had been his undoing.

Megatron's gaze zeroed in on his tightly shut vents, considering them as he stepped closer. Soundwave braced himself, desperately willing his frame to give him just a little longer, just this little bit more time to retain his senses before he could escape to solitude.

There was no way to keep his frame from shivering when Megatron's servo clasped his arm.

It was cool against Soundwave's overheated frame.

Megatron's optics brightened with understanding.

However, he did not release Soundwave right away. Megatron seemed to be considering him all the more seriously now and the battle to keep the coding at bay was quickly becoming a losing one.

"Do you require assistance?" Megatron finally asked, purposefully obtuse and Soundwave was grateful for it, even if the subtle offer made his array throb.

It would have been an honor to have Megatron relieve his heat, but Soundwave couldn't burden his Lord like that, and Soundwave could not take the risk of "carrying" such a "burden" if his heat saw its goal fulfilled.

"Negative. Soundwave, self-sufficient."

Megatron's lips curled with amusement.

"Very well," he said, though his servo still remained. "I assume you've already shifted the schedule accordingly."

"Affirmative. All shifts have been accounted for."

"Excellent. Finish your current one and then consider yourself excused," Megatron said.

And yet still his servo was on Soundwave's arm, giving it a small squeeze as Megatron leaned in closer. Soundwave could hear his Lord in-vent deeply, and realized in that moment that no matter how tightly he kept his vents shut, there was little doubt that this close, Megatron would catch whiff of the pheromones that still managed to escape.

“Let me know if you change your mind,” Megatron purred and Soundwave was caught between his normal coding reacting in incredulous shock and his no longer dormant heat coding reacting with eagerness.

Sense won out as Soundwave stepped back and finally Megatron released him. After giving a small bow in gratitude, Soundwave turned and headed towards the exit. There was only an hour left of his shift and all of it could be done in the solitude of his office, and then he would be free to hide away in his quarters.

It seemed easy enough.

Until he noted that the automatic door did not slide shut behind him right away, but rather there was the clacking of seeker heels before finally the door closed.

Soundwave ignored Starscream as best he could. Starscream hadn't spoken to him just yet, and even kept in step behind him instead of beside. Some small part of Soundwave hoped the commander simply had other places to be and just wanted to get a little additional intimidation in while he did so. It wasn't that uncommon an occurrence, even if Soundwave was rarely the recipient of it.

When Soundwave stopped at his office door, however, Starscream stopped as well.

It took all that Soundwave had to keep from ex-venting irritably. The last thing he needed to do at that moment was blast the seeker stalking him with his pheromones.

“Starscream, need assistance?” Soundwave asked as he stared straight ahead at his door. His servo hovered over the lock, desperate to reach sanctuary but wary of opening up the possibility of Starscream joining him in the small office.

As it was, his frame was already reacting to how close Starscream was behind him, and with a taunting snicker the seeker only moved closer, crowding Soundwave against the door.

Starscream's cockpit met Soundwave's back and his traitorous frame shuddered while his servo clenched.

Starscream's face was practically in the crook of Soundwave's neck as he in-vented.

“Ahh, yes, there it is,” Starscream crooned gleefully. “Who knew that even a boring mech like you could make yourself smell so *inviting*?”

Shame burned through Soundwave's circuits when he realized his valve was beginning to lubricate behind his panel.

“Starscream, need assistance?” Soundwave repeated, his tone still as even and emotionless as before, pointedly ignoring the situation he had found himself in.

Unfortunately, Starscream was not so easily dissuaded.

“Oh, no, nothing like that. In fact, I was wondering if perhaps *you* might need some ‘assistance.’”

Starscream's servo settled on Soundwave's waist, surprisingly gentle as his digits stroked the plating there.

Soundwave was not at all gentle when he grabbed Starscream by the wrist.

“Soundwave, self-sufficient,” Soundwave insisted. Starscream huffed disbelievingly.

“Yes, yes, so I heard. But why aim for ‘sufficient’ when I could blow your—”

“Megatron’s interest, only reason for Starscream’s interest.”

Starscream went stiff for a moment before huffing petulantly.

“Maybe that’s half the fun, but it’s hardly the *only* draw. You can’t blame me for being curious what you sound like when you’re overloading.”

Soundwave’s spark thudded hard in his chest while his array only continued to heat. It was getting harder to find the line between his processor and the heat coding. Real effort had to be put forth to differentiate how much he was actually warming to the idea of interfacing with Starscream and how much he simply desired having any mech fill him.

Sparking, Soundwave reminded himself. There was always the possibility of sparking.

And thinking about carrying Starscream’s child – of dealing with *Starscream* as a co-parent – was like being dunked into ice water.

Soundwave unfurled his fist and palmed the lock, moving so swiftly as the door opened that Starscream temporarily teetered on his pedes without Soundwave’s back to press against.

Starscream’s optics were wide with disbelief as he stared at Soundwave.

“Soundwave, self-sufficient.”

The door slid shut as Starscream’s shock began to morph into indignation.

Thankfully, the seeker didn’t request access into the office, or even use his authority to override Soundwave’s door. Soundwave couldn’t be sure if that meant Starscream had been so insulted that he abandoned his goal, or if it meant he was taking time to restrategize.

Soundwave needlessly checked his chronometer to confirm there was still 58 minutes and 3 seconds before he could leave.

There was no need to check the state of his frame. It was overheating quickly from his sealed vents and offline cooling fans and his array only continued to ache with desire. When Soundwave sat, the sensitivity of his modesty panel made itself known, causing him to shift and note yet again how wet his valve was behind it.

Soundwave forced his frame still, let a fraction of his vents open, and took a couple long ventilations to calm himself.

He could make it.

As the door to his personal quarters slid closed, Soundwave forced himself to double and triple check that it was locked before finally allowing his servo to dart down his frame. His array was just as quickly revealing itself, slick lubricant sloshing out and down his thighs as two digits pressed between his valve lips to give his throbbing passage something to bear down on. Knees buckled and vents heaved to finally dispel the scorching heat of Soundwave’s frame and yet all he could truly focus on was the small piece of ecstasy he found from touching himself.

Somewhere through the fog was the sound of pounding at his door. Yelling. A scuffle.

It could have been anyone, truthfully. No matter how tightly he had held his vents, the pheromone levels in Soundwave's frame were high enough that a trail would have been following him wherever he went.

As well, Soundwave had noticed the increased levels of gossiping that had occurred while he had been in his office surveying the base over the last hour. Officers and soldiers alike would flit from one group to the next, leaning in to whisper or throwing their servos up as they all but shouted the news.

There was little doubt the whole Earth-bound Decepticon army knew that Soundwave was in heat.

And shockingly, they wanted him.

Soundwave shuddered and his valve clenched down on his digits as he heard an almost feral-sounding shout from Motormaster out in the hallway. The Stunticons then. He could recall briefly passing them. But they – hadn't they been talking to—?

Scrapper was yelling too with the rallying support of his team. Primus, the Stunticons and Constructicons were both out there, arguing over *Soundwave*.

His helm thumped back against the door as his frame jerked with an overpowering wave of desire.

It would be easy to open the door. To let the victors inside, and then *inside*, and he hoped it would be the Constructicons just knowing he would have six whole mechs to himself, taking him in turn, filling him to the brim—

Sparking. *Sparking*. Interfacing with a whole combiner team would all but guarantee Soundwave getting sparked. The Stunticons would be a nightmare to have a child with, and while the Constructicons would be better and possibly even pleasant to co-parent with, there was no knowing what could result from getting sparked by combiners.

Soundwave had to stay strong. The door was locked and would stay that way.

But.

But.

Soundwave wanted with every fiber of his being and it hurt to deny himself.

He wanted so desperately to not be alone—

He thrust his digits deep inside, each push and pull accompanied by the wet sounds of his drenched valve, blessedly loud enough for Soundwave to focus on and keep his attentions away from the building chaos outside his door and the longing of his spark. At some point Soundwave had fallen to his knees though he couldn't recall exactly when, but it was a boon as it allowed his thighs to part wider and his hips to roll into every press of his digits, his palm rubbing his anterior node enough to force a soft, gruff moan to tumble from his vocalizer as he teetered on the edge of overload.

An appreciative whistle from across the room had Soundwave onlining his visor in a rush, his spark tripping over itself as he tried to focus through the haze to find the source.

Luckily, it wasn't hard to find.

"Hey, Boss," Rumble greeted in a voice far too sultry for a cassette dropping down from a vent

uninvited. Frenzy waggled his digits in a little wave from where he was still crouched in the small space in the ceiling, quickly moving into position to follow after his brother.

“Lookin’ real good there.”

“*Real* good. Mind if we join?”

Shame bloomed in Soundwave’s spark as he felt his array tighten and pulse, tipping past the point of no return, and no manner of fighting his frame could stop it now.

Soundwave’s visor offlined and he tucked his helm towards his chest as his hips jerked and his calipers clamped down on his digits, charge sparking across his frame as he shuddered and a low whine slipped past his lips behind his mask. Throbbing pleasure pulsed in his array, eager with climax, but as the moment passed and the throbbing slowed, it did not cease. The overload had only scratched the surface of his heat.

Once his frame was under his own control again, Soundwave’s thighs snapped together, trapping his servo between them and his digits inside his valve but at least it was all mostly hidden from view now.

“Explain presence,” Soundwave demanded, onlining his visor again to see that now both of the cassettes had made their way out of the vent. They still stood across the room at least, though their visors were bright and they wore identical hungry grins.

“Isn’t it obvious?” Frenzy asked.

“You didn’t really think we’d missed the hot gossip going around the base, did you?”

“Really hot, if I’m being honest.”

“Certainly enough to get everybody hot and bothered out there.”

“Aware of gossip,” Soundwave interrupted. His valve shivered around his digits but now, at least, he was clear-headed enough to keep himself relatively composed and ignore it. “Cassettes’ knowledge, inevitable conclusion. Question still not answered.”

Rumble and Frenzy shared a look before turning back to Soundwave, looking oddly amused.

“Again, isn’t it obvious?”

“There’s a reason Ravage and the bird brains are out in the halls scaring your would-be suiters off while we’re in here.”

“With our boss who is digit-deep in his valve because of his heat.”

“And who, by the way, jizzed himself when we showed up, so I think it’s fair to say that the answer to *our* question is ‘Yes please join me asap.’”

Soundwave shoved down the blooming embarrassment as best he could, hoping his voice was his normal even monotone as he insisted, “Soundwave, self-sufficient.”

“So you keep telling everybody,” Rumble said as he shrugged his shoulders. “But we know you better than that. There’s no way you’ll be able to resist letting someone in.”

“Inaccurate.”

“Nah, he’s right. Even if you weren’t horny as the pits, you’d get lonely in here,” Frenzy agreed with his brother.

“Inaccurate,” Soundwave repeated.

The twins shared a look before, after a quick simultaneous nod, they turned to Soundwave again. Rumble took a step towards Soundwave while saying, “Listen, Boss, we get it. You like to exude this whole ‘emotionless’ shtick because it works with everybody else. You don’t gotta get into all the politics and aft kissing and scrap that runs this rust bucket because folks don’t think they can get away with it with ya.”

“And it works pretty good,” Frenzy agreed. He was starting to walk too, but where Rumble was straight on, Frenzy was slightly to one side, cutting off an escape route. “Everybody talks about you like you’re just a walkin’ talkin’ computer.”

“They don’t know that you have a personality in there. Hell, I bet none of them know you actually think our pranks are pretty funny.” Before Soundwave could even argue, Rumble was already pushing forward, saying, “And don’t even try to say otherwise. That time we welded Starscream’s mouth shut, you couldn’t say anything for a good hour after ‘cause you would have laughed.”

“Even if Buzzsaw *hadn’t* been docked and felt it himself, the fact that you only punished us with paperwork duty for three days? That’s weak and you know it. It was obviously for show.”

“You think we’re fraggin’ hilarious.”

“Probably ‘cause we say the slag you can’t.”

“Though you *can* be pretty funny when you want to be, Boss.”

Soundwave’s valve pulsed and fluttered around his digits and he gritted his teeth to fight against the urge to move them again, to address the desire that was threatening to overwhelm him again. It didn’t help that the room was small, so the cassettes were practically upon him already, a mere step away from touching.

“Cassettes’ presence will be missed,” Soundwave admitted, aware of the slight static that clung to his words. “However, also known: presence not necessary. Soundwave, self-sufficient.”

Even on his knees, sat back on his heels, Soundwave had the height advantage. Somehow though it didn’t feel that way when Rumble reached out to grasp his chin, and the shock of physical touch had his frame trembling before Soundwave could stop it, his plating flaring in unintentional invitation for more.

“Boss, I don’t mean any disrespect, but you can’t even *recharge* alone.”

Soundwave’s visor flared as embarrassment flooded his processor.

“Inaccurate.”

“Oh yeah?” Frenzy challenged, stepping up to Soundwave’s side, shifting up to his pede tips to ask directly against Soundwave’s audial. “When the last time you recharged without one of us docked inside you?”

Soundwave wanted to argue. He wanted to protect at least some of his dignity, even knowing there was little left after allowing his cassettes to see him overload, and even knowing that at that very moment his digits were still inside his increasingly desperate valve, twitching against the throbbing

wet walls to provide a hint of relief.

But he couldn't argue because he knew it was true.

"All cassettes aware?" Soundwave asked instead, wary and ashamed that he had been so transparent.

Rumble simply shrugged.

"Yeah. It's not like we keep secrets from each other."

"Ravage realized first, and made sure we all knew so we'd make sure someone was always around."

"Otherwise you just work through the night instead of recharging."

"And we can't have that. We gotta make sure you're taken care of."

"Self-sufficient," Soundwave gritted out, belying the fact that his digits were curling inside him again and his heat coding roared. Where before the heat had merely longed for every suiter Soundwave had passed, now it demanded – it *would* have these two.

"Sure you are, Boss," Frenzy said sarcastically before tilting his helm just right so he could close his lips around a bundle of neck cords and *suck*.

There was no holding back his gasp or the way Soundwave's frame bucked into his servo with a wet shlick of his valve as his digits moved in it properly.

Twin systems purred as Frenzy delighted in devouring Soundwave's neck while Rumble still stood at Soundwave front, his pede kicking at Soundwave's knees until finally they parted again.

"As far as anybody else has to know, yeah," Rumble relented as he moved to stand between Soundwave's spread thighs. Even standing, he was small enough that Soundwave's valve was just below Rumble's pelvis, his knuckles bumping into the cassette's modesty panel as he fragged himself with his digits. Rumble's grin was wicked. "You only show that side to us cassettes. Only we get to see you like this, Boss."

"Cause we're the only ones you trust with it," Frenzy said against Soundwave's neck, his ex-vent cool against the dampness his kisses had left behind.

"That's why Ravage and Buzzsaw and Lazerbeak are gonna make sure nobody else gets to you."

"Cause nobody else deserves you. You belong to *us*, Boss."

Soundwave's cooling systems whined from the inability to keep up with how his temperature was rising, and his processor swam with the heady mixture of heat and his own genuine affections.

"Sparking," Soundwave managed, not sure it really came out as a protest like he had intended. Certainly it didn't stop Rumble from tugging his arm away until his digits left his valve empty and needy.

"Oh, we have every intension of sparking you," Frenzy purred before he took a neck cord between his teeth and bit down. Soundwave groaned softly as his hips rolled forward, towards where Rumble was making himself comfortable. It only took a few moments for Rumble to position his pedes so he could bend his knees and grind against Soundwave's array, teasing as he hummed.

“Gonna fill you right up,” Rumble agreed with his brother, grinning up at Soundwave as he released his spike. It rubbed between Soundwave’s valve lips, stroking and teasing. “We’ll take such good care of you while you’re carrying.”

“And then we’ll have another mech to join the team.”

“It’d be kinda nice if they were big like you, but there’s always room in that big chest of yours for more cassettes.”

Soundwave’s visor was dim as he panted behind his mask for cool air, overheated and overwhelmed and *desperate*.

“Please.”

This time it was the twins whose frames shuddered. Frenzy pressed close to Soundwave’s side, his spike bumping against Soundwave’s armor as he pulled at Soundwave’s helm to press sloppy kisses on his mask, and Rumble was slipping his servo between his array and Soundwave’s, grasping himself to push inside in one quick thrust.

Soundwave’s visor went offline as he groaned, long and low and *satisfied* as finally he was filled. His valve cycled down on Rumble’s spike, rhythmically clenching, desperate to milk the cassette for his transfluid as Soundwave’s overload was already building

Rumble’s servos nearly dented where he grabbed Soundwave’s hips, holding on as he picked up a rolling rhythm of thrusting and grinding into Soundwave’s frame.

“Oh *frag*, you feel so good,” Rumble moaned in praise, his helm clinking against the glass of Soundwave’s chest. “So wet and hot for us.”

Frenzy whined impatiently as he humped Soundwave’s side.

“Can’t believe I agreed to let you go first.”

“We’ll swap memory files later so stop complaining.”

“Yeah, but that doesn’t do anything for me *now*,” Frenzy grumbled. Despite the irritation of his tone, his servos were warm and comforting where they touched Soundwave and he never stopped nuzzling and kissing whatever he could reach.

Without a second thought, Soundwave let his mask snap aside to expose his mouth, lips parted as he gasped for cool air.

Frenzy didn’t need invitation before he took the offer, arms grasping and pulling as he captured Soundwave’s lips with his own. His mouth may have been smaller, but his glossa seemed twice as clever as it claimed Soundwave’s mouth as his own.

The sight only seemed to further inspire Rumble who thrust into Soundwave with determination, pushing and grinding and drowning Soundwave’s processor with pleasure.

“Now *that’s* not fair.”

Frenzy pulled back with a huge grin on his face, his thumb tracing Soundwave’s bottom lip as he stared at him. Soundwave could only imagine how he looked, slack-jawed with pleasure and desperation as he grunted and groaned with every other thrust of Rumble’s spike inside him.

“Then finish up already so we can switch and *you* can kiss him while *I* frag him.”

“Alright, alright,” Rumble said, smiling lazily as he ex-vented against Soundwave’s chest, his hips only picking up their pace. “Why don’t you overload for us again and I’ll give you all the transfluid you want, Boss.”

Soundwave’s frame shook hard and his servo darted down to grab hold of Rumble’s aft, pulling his hips tight to his own so his spike was held deep inside Soundwave as pleasure and heat took hold of his spark and he tipped into overload with a hoarse gasp. His valve spiraled down and dragged Rumble’s overload from him, both of them sharing arcs of charge that further fueled each other’s overload.

The hot flood of transfluid inside his valve pulled a relieved moan of ecstasy from Soundwave.

It was only when Rumble pulled out that Soundwave realized that the world was moving around him despite the haze around his own consciousness.

“Wow. Didn’t think that’d actually work.”

“Thank Primus it did. Now move over—”

“Wait, we should move him to the berth first.”

“C’mooooon.”

“You wanna try to drag his big aft over there when he can’t even walk anymore, be my guest.”

“Ugh, fine. I’ll get him there while you see if Ravage can grab us some energon.”

“You forgot to bring any?!”

“Oh, yeah, like you brought any either!”

Soundwave didn’t pay their bickering much mind. Instead he focused on pushing himself up onto his pedes, ignoring the way lubricant and transfluid dripped down his thighs as he straightened to make his way across the room. The heat still lingered in his thoughts and frame, but where before it was demanding and frustrated, now it purred with contentment, unworried because it knew its needs would be met.

And Soundwave had to admit to himself that it was nice to let himself be swayed by that contentment.

There was no need to worry anymore.

Frenzy was at his side in a flash, spike still pressurized and bobbing as he walked, but the cassette’s focus was on him the whole time, checking in that he was alright. Across the room, Rumble had opened the door just enough to pop his helm out, talking to Ravage. And when Soundwave reached out to Buzzsaw and Lazerbeak through their commlinks, both reported patrolling the hallways around Soundwave’s quarters with a determination that warmed Soundwave’s spark.

By the time he had reached his berth Soundwave already felt hot again, and when he laid back and spread his legs wide, Frenzy was quick to slide inside and start working him towards another overload.

And Soundwave let go of all his worries knowing his cassettes would take care of him.

“Soundwave,” Megatron greeted, his optics bright with surprise when his Third walked onto the deck. In fact, the whole room was suddenly full of optics that were wide and curious as they all zeroed in on Soundwave. “I’m surprised to see you so soon.”

“Less time needed than predicted,” Soundwave explained simply.

There was an unprecedented silence then, and it was only the giddiness radiating from where Rumble and Frenzy were docked inside his chest that kept Soundwave from changing his mind and retreating to his room.

As predicted, it was Starscream that finally broke the silence, hissing out, “*No*. There’s no *slagging* way.”

Soundwave didn’t react outwardly. That seemed to be all the invitation crew needed to start whispering amongst themselves.

Starscream was never one for subtlety though. He was already up and out of his seat, stalking his way over and pointing accusingly.

“There’s no *slagging* way and those *terrors* of yours made sure of it! I couldn’t even go back to my own quarters without being escorted because they were too close to yours!” Starscream shrieked.

He didn’t get much closer though before Ravage was stood between them, teeth bared as he hissed threateningly.

Judging by the still healing lines across Starscream’s front, Soundwave suspected the Second had already tried his hand at ignoring the cassette’s threats and learned his lesson. That or the twin fluttering of wings as Buzzsaw and Lazerbeak settled on Soundwave’s shoulders was enough additional intimidation to ward him off.

Starscream’s optics flared and Soundwave could hear the way he ground his teeth as he sneered.

The heightened protectiveness of his cassettes would soon enough be an issue that Soundwave would have to address, but at that moment it felt like a blessing.

However, it was then that Megatron said, “I’ll admit, I’m also curious, Soundwave. Are you sparked?”

Buzzsaw snapped in Megatron’s direction, irritated with his crassness, and Ravage circled Soundwave’s pedes until he sat next to him protectively. In opposing fashion, Lazerbeak nuzzled at his helm while inside his chest, Rumble and Frenzy overflowed with glee where they were nestled close to Soundwave’s spark.

“Official confirmation still needed,” Soundwave replied. When Megatron looked unconvinced, Soundwave tipped his helm, admitting, “Sparked status likely.”

“How?!” Starscream asked with raised servos, clearly irate that someone had succeeded where he had failed.

Soundwave smirked behind his mask and lifted a servo to his chest.

“Cassettes superior.”

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